

P O E M S

B Y

THE REVEREND

Mr. HOYLAND.

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MDCCLXIX.

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MR. H. O. AND



PRINTED AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

MCCCLXX.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HIS small Collection of Poems; though meriting to be preserved for their Ease and natural Beauties, is published solely for the Benefit of their Author the Rev. Mr. HOYLAND, whom a Train of Misfortunes, too common to need enumerating, yet grievous enough to depress the best Faculties, have reduced to extreme Distress. The Recommendation of a Friend had procured for him a Living in South Carolina, for which he was preparing to embark when this Publication was projected, and by which it was hoped he and his Family might secure some additional Comforts in the new World to which he was going. But Fortune had already been too severe. It was found that the Vigour of his Body and Mind were not equal to the Voyage. What therefore was meant to remove his Misfortunes, has only been



the Cause of adding one Disappointment more to the Sum of them. This then being the Case ; it is hoped that nobody will blame a small Increase of Price for the following Pages. A Situation that deserves a Tear, is surely not over-indulged by the Gift of half a Crown. This is the utmost Largess that Mr. Hoyland's Friends ask, but not demand for him : for as he is too modest even to desire to be over-paid, they must not too much presume on the Benevolence of the Public.



O D E S

B Y

Mr. H O Y L A N D.

---

O D E I.

To his GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I.

SWEET Angel of my natal Hour!  
Thou, to whose tutelary Pow'r  
My infant Days were giv'n!  
My bosom Friend! Companion dear!  
For ever kind, for ever near,  
While such the Will of Heav'n!

B

By

II.

By thee inspir'd, the live-long Day  
 Roll'd lightly on in Peace and Play,  
     Calm Slumbers crown'd the Night;  
 By thee, and simple Nature drawn,  
 E'er Reason spread her glimm'ring Dawn,  
     I fought, and found Delight.

III.

'Twas thou, whene'er I rang'd the Mead,  
 That drew me from the pois'nous Weed  
     Of tempting purple Dye ;  
 That drew me from the fatal Brake,  
 Where coil'd in speckled Pride the Snake  
     Allur'd my longing Eye.

IV.

Ah, why so soon to Reason's Hand  
 Didst thou resign th' imperial Wand,  
     Why yield the ruling Rein ?  
 With thee are all my Comforts fled,  
 And Woes on endless Woes succeed,  
     A dire and gloomy Train !

Can

V.

Can Zephyr hush the surging Seas,  
 Or whisper Silence in a Breeze,  
     When Boreas sweeps the Flood?  
 Can the soft Virgin's Voice restrain  
 The midnight Howlings of the Plain,  
     When Lyons roar for Food?

VI.

So weak is Reason to controul,  
 Or sooth the Tempests of the Soul,  
     When torn by Passions wild;  
 Tho' soft the Sound as Zephyrs Wing,  
 That whispers Tidings of the Spring,  
     As Voice of Virgin, mild.

VII.

Come then, resume thy guardian Pow'r,  
 Sweet Angel of my natal Hour,  
     To whom the Charge was giv'n!  
 Once more receive me to thy Care,  
 For ever kind, for ever near,  
     If such the Will of Heav'n.



[ 3 ]

On the 1st of June 1864  
I received from Mr. J. H. Smith  
a letter of introduction to  
Mr. J. H. Smith, of the  
City of New York, and  
to Mr. J. H. Smith, of the  
City of New York.

On the 2nd of June 1864  
I received from Mr. J. H. Smith  
a letter of introduction to  
Mr. J. H. Smith, of the  
City of New York, and  
to Mr. J. H. Smith, of the  
City of New York.

On the 3rd of June 1864  
I received from Mr. J. H. Smith  
a letter of introduction to  
Mr. J. H. Smith, of the  
City of New York, and  
to Mr. J. H. Smith, of the  
City of New York.

O D E II.

To a NIGHTINGALE.

I.

COY Bird of Eve! whose solitary Note  
 I catch imperfect from a Spray remote,  
 (While num'rous Ecchoes down the Vale  
 Convey the melancholy Tale)  
 Still nearer to my lonely Cell  
 Bring all thy Woes, sweet Philomel!

II.

Around that Cell no verdant Bowers  
 With careless Elegance inwove,  
 Or Shrubs adorn'd with early Flowers  
 Exhaling Fragrance court thy Love;

Yet

Yet think not to a heedless Ear  
 Thy Throat will vainly warble here :  
 Thy liquid Lays enchant my Soul  
 Wakeful, as yonder starry Pole :  
 Then nearer to my lonely Cell  
 Bring all thy Woes, sweet Philomel.

## III.

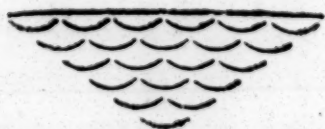
If I deny the hospitable Bough,  
 (Foe to the pensive Genius of the Shades)  
     May yonder beechen Glades  
 Their salutary Gloom no more display,  
 To intercept the Dog-Star's fiery Ray  
     From my devoted Brow !  
 May never Music sooth my Breast,  
 But the funereal Bird, unblest,  
 Harrow with Shrieks, that fright the dawning Day !  
 Witness, ye neighb'ring Alleys green !  
 Do I not rove, where Woodbines twine,  
 And call each branching Oak, divine,  
 Enraptur'd with the sylvan Scene ?  
 Then nearer to my lonely Cell  
 Bring all thy Woes, sweet Philomel.

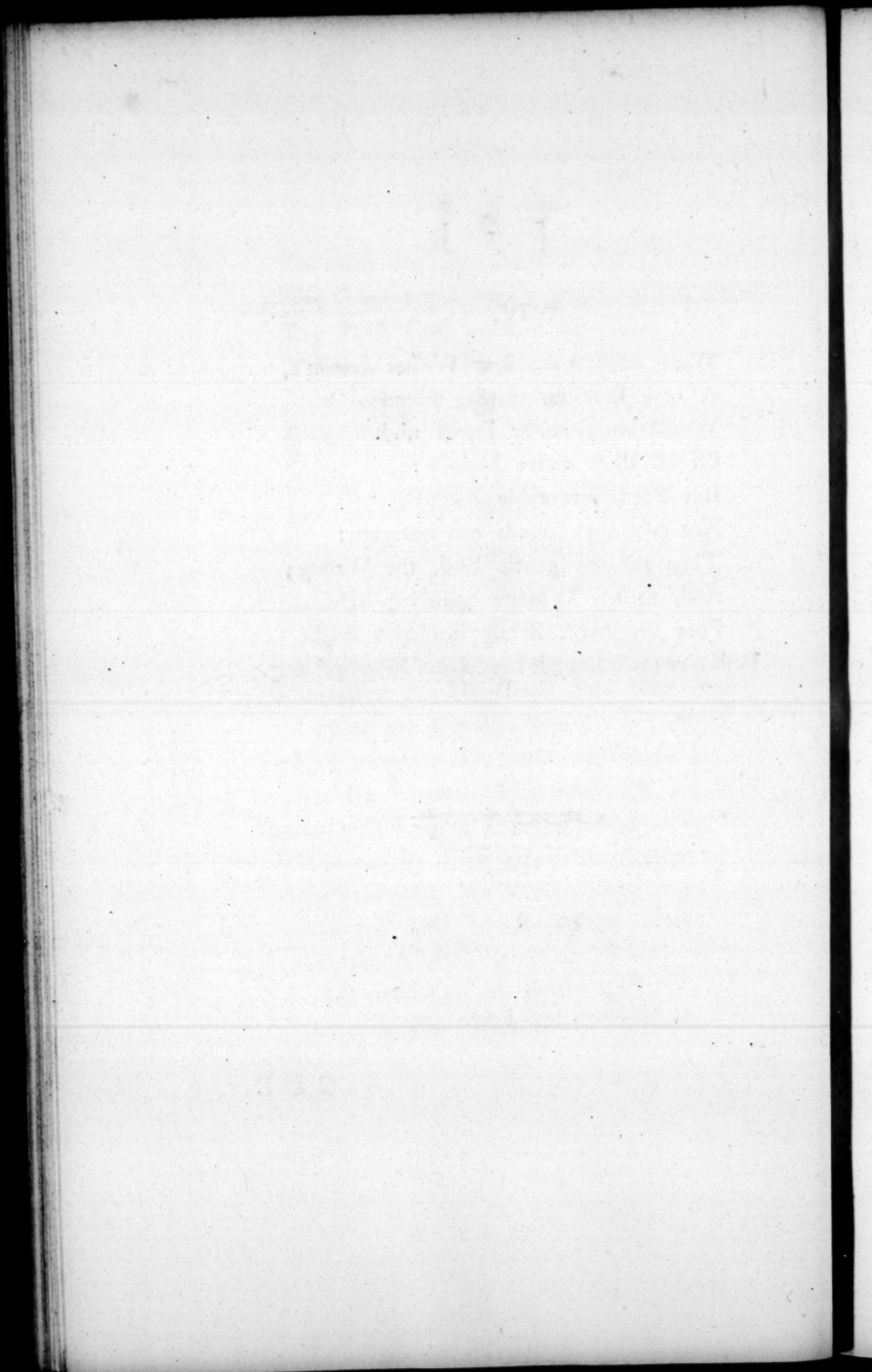
Were



## IV.

Were once my ardent Wishes crown'd,  
 A new Elyzium waving round  
 Would empty ev'ry Forest nigh  
 Of all their native Melody:  
 But Fate, inexorable Fate,  
 Not ev'n thy Sounds can mitigate:  
 Then pardon, gentle Bird, the Wrong;  
 And, at my Window perching light,  
 Pour thy sweet Breast: attentive Night  
 Will o'er these Bounds her solemn Reign prolong.





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O D E III.

To a FRIEND,

With a borrowed GUINEA returned.

I.

AUSPICIOUS Orb ! whose chearful Glow  
Dispells the sable Clouds of Woe ;  
And circling this terrestrial Ball  
Like the gay Sun enlivens all ;

II.

Remitted to a gracious Friend,  
My undissembled Love commend ;  
And (such the Interest Poets pay)  
Chink in his Ear this moral Lay.

C

“ Lo,

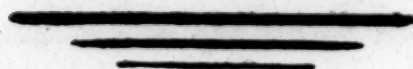


III.

“ Lo, I return with brighter Beam!  
“ Beneficence refines my Gleam:  
“ O may I ever sacred be  
“ To Friendship and Humanity!

IV.

“ So shall my Rays, when yonder Light  
“ Is shaded in eternal Night,  
“ Above the Wreck of Nature rise,  
“ And glitter in immortal Eyes.”



O D E IV.

On RURAL HAPPINESS.

I.

**H**OW deeply blue th' etherial Space,  
With burning Stars enamell'd o'er!  
The Snow-clad Hills on Night's grim Face  
A pale and dreadful Lustre pour.

II.

Welcome sad Season of the Year,  
And Midnight stern, and howling Wind!  
Horrors, that fright the Wolf and Bear,  
Serve but to sooth my wilder Mind.

III.

On this rude Cliff's tremendous Brow,  
Ne'er touch'd by rosy-finger'd Spring,  
Where never Swain was heard to blow  
The warbling Reed, or Bird to sing,

IV.

I stand: around, in ample View,  
The subject Meads, and Forests lie,  
And silent Streams, whose Surface blue  
Reflects the Moon and starry Sky:

V.

And mingled Cottages appear,  
Where Sleep his genuine Dew bestows,  
And young Content a Cherub fair  
Still smooths the Pillow of Repose.

VI.

Here Peace, and Heav'n-born Virtue, reign  
Unrivall'd: on the Margin green  
Of wrinkled Rill, in Grove, or Plain,  
The smiling Pair is ever seen.

VII.

Before the Lustre of their Eyes,  
(As Shades before the Morning Ray)  
Each Soul-distemp'ring Passion flies  
To crouded Halls, and Cities gay.

Av'rice,



VIII.

Av'rice with fancied Wants forlorn,  
 Meagre his Look, his Mantle rude;  
 And stern-eyed Envy inly torn  
 By the fell Worm, that drinks his Blood.

IX.

Mistaken Jealousy, that weeps  
 O'er the pale Corse himself has gor'd;  
 And dire Revenge, that never sleeps,  
 Still calls for Blood, still shakes the Sword.

X.

Restless Ambition, roaming o'er  
 Th' affrighted Globe; whe'er he treads,  
 The Fields are drench'd in human Gore,  
 And Cities bow their tow'ry Heads.

XI.

Loud Discontent, and dumb Despair,  
 Suspicion, glancing oft behind;  
 And slighted Love with frantic Air  
 Blaspheming Heav'n, and Stars unkind.

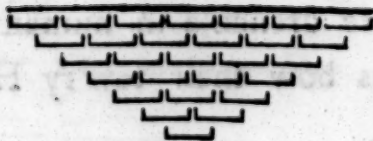
Thrice

XII.

Thrice happy Swains ! your silent Hours  
 These midnight Furies ne'er molest ;  
 Furies, that climb the loftiest Tow'rs,  
 And tear the splendid Tyrant's Breast.

XIII.

Sleep on, blest Innocents, secure !  
 Soon will the wintry Storms be flown ;  
 Soon comes the Springtide, breathing pure,  
 And Summer Suns are all your own.



O D E V.

TO SLEEP.

I.

OFFSPRING of Night, whose languid Visage  
wears

Death's milder Lineaments ! thy friendly Art  
With lenient Balm the drooping Soul repairs,  
And in a sweet Oblivion laps the Heart.  
Come, gentle Queen ! thy noiseless Wings diffuse,  
And, o'er my humble Cell, ah ! shake thy opiate  
Dews.

II.

The vent'rous Seaman, mid the rocking Shrouds,  
Touch'd with thy potent Wand, his Toil fore-  
goes ;  
And while loud Billows mingle with the Clouds,  
Hangs on the Mast in terrible Repose ;  
Stretch'd on his Shield, beneath tempestuous Skies,  
Thou bid'st the Warrior close his formidable Eyes.

Then



III.

Then why, capricious Pow'r ! to me delay'd  
 Thy Blessings ? Peace protects my rural Hill :  
 These tranquil Haunts no ruder Sounds invade  
 Than drowzy Murmurs from a falling Rill ;  
 Than the warm-whisper'd Sigh, when Lovers true,  
 Beneath their fav'rite Oak the tender Vow renew.

IV.

I know, and I applaud thy virtuous Pride ;  
 Thou wilt not lull the Traitor's perjur'd Head :  
 Let mute Attendants guard their Patron's Side,  
 And Tapers burn, as round the noble Dead ;  
 Yet still he wakes ; yon Falchion gleaming nigh  
 Betrays his guilty Fears ; that Groan his Misery.

V.

I know, that from th' impure Recess of Lust,  
 The ghastly Ruffian's Floor with Slaughter red,  
 Thou fly'st ; and bid'st stern Conscience ever just  
 With all her Furies haunt th' accursed Bed ;  
 While hideous Shrieks and livid Light appall  
 The Traveller wand'ring near th' inhospitable  
 Wall.

I know,

VI.

I know, that all the Treasures of the West,  
 Or precious Gems, that eastern Quarries hold,  
 Would ne'er from thee obtain one Hour of Rest  
 For the pale Slave, whose Bosom pines for Gold :  
 Not all that Nature's azure Round contains,  
 Would bribe thee to the Roof where Hell-born  
 Malice reigns.

VII.

But am I these ? My Soul indignant spurns  
 The lying Imputation : yet, betray'd  
 To various Ills in Dust and Ashes mourns  
 Her Ardours quench'd, her vivid Pow'rs decay'd :  
 Misfortune opes her Quiver ; ling'ring Pain,  
 And Sickness, dip the Darts in more than Indian  
 Bane.

VIII.

Some lofty Minds, that boast a firmer Frame,  
 Adversity's rough Storms undaunted bear ;  
 Their Faculties expanding brighter Flame,  
 Like Beacons blazing in a ruffled Air ;  
 But in my feeble Heart the Spark divine  
 Fades as a dying Lamp, and all its Hopes decline.

D

Ah,

IX.

Ah, when shall I, soft Sleep, thy Influence find?  
 What happy Clime the gentle Charm will yield?  
 Waft me, ye Sails, where blows the tepid Wind  
 O'er Orange Groves, where Citrons strew the  
 Field!  
 Ah, no! \* mid these my hapless Youth has stray'd,  
 Nor met thy soothing Smiles beneath the fragrant  
 Shade.

X.

Is there a Sage, whose philosophic Mind,  
 Lur'd by the Moon's wan Lustre, upward springs  
 Swift as the darted Beam; and, unconfin'd  
 Its Flight thro' planetary Wonders wings?  
 There may'st thou well thy useless Power restrain,  
 Nor with lethargic Clouds his bright Conceptions  
 stain.

Is

\* *This is not said in the ordinary Way of descriptive Poetry, where nothing more is meant than mere picturesque Ornament. The Author had really made the Experiment he here mentions, by a Voyage to the Leeward Islands.*



XI.

Is there a Bard, who in seraphic Lays  
 (Sublime, and fill'd with spirit-piercing Fire)  
 Pours to yon list'ning Orbs his Maker's Praise?  
 'Twere Sacrilege to hush the holy Lyre:  
 A Voice forbids; and Angel's glitt'ring round  
 Strike their symphonious harps; while Earth and  
 Heav'n resound.

XII.

But when, like me, some pensive Wretch with-  
 drawn  
 Far from the World within the darkling Grove  
 From dewy-finger'd Eve to purple Dawn,  
 Bemoans his Suff'rings, like a wounded Dove;  
 'Tis thine to give that Boon, which now I crave,  
 Repose profound as Death, and silent as the Grave.

XIII.

I plead in vain; regardless of my Woe  
 No Strain can win thee to this flutt'ring Breast;  
 Yet soon that Grave shall lay my Sorrows low,  
 Where mingled sleep th' Oppressor and oppress;  
 Till Heav'n to one eternal Morn restore  
 My ravish'd Eyes; and thou, and Death shall be no  
 more.

F I N I S.

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